

THE
BEGGAR'S WEDDING.
A NEW
OPERA.

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE in *Dublin*, with great Applause.

A N D

At the THEATRE in the *Hay-market*.

To which are added the New

PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE,
And the Musick to all the SONGS.

By Mr. CHAR. COFFER.

*Sometimes we frame our Selves to be lame,
And when a Coach comes we hopp to our Game ;
We seldom miscarry, and seldom marry,
By Gown, Common Prayer, or Cloak Directory ;
But Simon and Susan like Birds of a Feather,
First kiss, sing, and laugh, and lie down together :
And therfore brave, bonny, bold Beggars we'll be,
For none lead a Life so merry as we.*

Pills to purge Melancholy.

The FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JAMES and JOHN K NAPTON, at the Crown in St.
Paul's Church-yard. MDCCXXXI. (Price One Shilling.)





PROLOGUE.

THIS Stage has long with fond Endeavours strove
Your kind Applause and Patronage to move ;
Pleasure to all, to none Offence to give,
And, Proteus-like, your Grief and Mirth revive :
But vain our Hopes to gain the wish'd Success,
Since only Tricks and Transformations please,
Since deprav'd Fancy lords it o'er the Town,
And the best Plays and Actors can't go down ;
Then poor indeed must prove our Callow Flight ;
For Eaglets cannot soar an Eagle's Height.
Now to harmonious Nonsense Wit gives way,
And Song and Dance or damn or save a Play.

Fruitless has Nature join'd the Poet's Art,
Vice to suppress, and Virtue to impart,
A good Machine alone can win the Heart.
Our Fathers did indeed good Sense prefer,
And to improve the Mind was all their Care ;
But we, thank Zanys, now are wiser grown,
All Sense in Entertainments we disown.
What, please the Mind ! No rather take the Eye ;
On Carpenters, not Poets we rely,
For what are Morals to a Sink or Fly ?
Farquhar with pleasing Humour dully writ,
Ev'n Shakespear and soft Otway must submit,
For Supernatural is the reigning Wit.
Hab ! says a Bon Garzoon, Gad demm my Soul !
Who shall the Taste of a Beaumonde controul ?
From Shakespear, Cheshire-Bard should bear the Bell,
One Writes, 'tis true, but t'other Fiddles well.

Thus Sing-Song only can be sure of Praise,
 And Congreve must to Johnson yield the Bays.
 In strict Compliance to the present Taste
 A Modish OPERA is to Night your Feast—
 A Begging one— And that throughout the Nation
 Has been, you'll own, too too long, Sirs, the Fashion;
 “ And if we chance in any Part to fail,
 “ We've now no Dragon with a spiry Tail—
 And real Merit seldom does prevail;
 As by Experience bard our Bettors prove,
 Who oft, like us, in vain their Causes move:
 But I'm to Beg, that, Custom to confute,
 You'll come Indulgent to our humble Hutt.
 And in Return — The all, we can, we'll give,
 Your Favours ever gratefully receive,
 And your Obedient Servants ever live.

E P I L O G U E.

THE Scene now clos'd, and OPERA gone thro',
 In all their Names I'm bither come to know
 If we in vain have Begg'd your Smiles — or no.

Each one was fearful on the Task to venture,
 And swore our Case so bad, they durst not enter.—
 I told 'em, to dispel their rising Fear,
 The Bold and Forward still were Fortune's Care,
 And none could Win that did not bravely Dare.

‘Tis true, said I, we want the pleasing Art
 To force Attention, and to move the Heart:
 But, to give my Opinion of the Matter,
 Most People love the genuine Works of Nature;

And

And by the Fair 'tis a Resolve confess,
 Never to baulk the Man that does his Best.
 They would have strove to imitate the Air,
 And graceful Action of your true-bred Play'r ;
 But faith, said I, that Project ne'er rely on,
 The Ass does most appear in Skin of Lyon.
 What, tho' the Wise this Maxim ever bold,
 He that would push his Fortune must be bold ;
 Yet none can so unreasonable prove,
 T' expect the Air of Wilks, or Grace of Booth.
 'Tis Time alone can crown us with Success,
 And arduous Heights are gain'd but by Degrees.

A prostrate Wretch the Brave will ne'er annoy,
 'Tis great to save those that you could destroy.
 Beggars are privileg'd to ask your Favour,
 If done with humble and a fit Behaviour ;
 And, [tho' like some, who by their Brass succeed,
 We can't in such patbetick Manner plead]
 We beg to say, if we don't hap'ly Cant,
 We've too sure Reason — That of Real Want.

Since then on You alone our Fates depend,
 Smile on our Begging — our poor Cause defend ;
 Nor let a Comick Scene with Sorrow end ;
 Whil'st we, with Joy exulting ever boast
 That, they who judge the Best can pardon Most.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Alderman Quorum, a Justice of the</i>	{	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
<i>Peace.</i>		
<i>Chaunter, King of the Beggars.</i>	{	<i>Mr. Hulett.</i>
<i>Hunter, his reputed Son.</i>	{	<i>Mr. Chardin.</i>
<i>Grigg,</i>	{	<i>Mr. Reynolds.</i>
<i>Cant,</i>	{	<i>Mr. Webster.</i>
<i>Gage,</i>	{	<i>Mr. Dove.</i>
<i>Mump,</i>	{	<i>Mr. Pearce.</i>
<i>Scrip,</i>	{	<i>Mr. Wathen.</i>
<i>Swab,</i>	{	<i>Mr. Gillow.</i>
<i>Dash, Clerk to the Justice.</i>	{	<i>Mr. Ware.</i>
<i>Constable.</i>	{	<i>Mr. Michen.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Phebe, the Alderman's reputed</i>	{	<i>Mrs. Mountford.</i>
<i>Daughter.</i>		
<i>Mrs. Chaunter, Queen of the Beggars.</i>	{	<i>Mrs. Thomas.</i>
<i>Tippet, Maid to Phebe.</i>	{	<i>Mrs. Nokes.</i>
<i>Strummer,</i>	{	<i>Mrs. Clarke.</i>
<i>Mopsey,</i>	{	<i>Miss. Russell.</i>
<i>Blouze,</i>	{	<i>Miss. Mann.</i>
<i>Drab,</i>	{	<i>Mrs. Carter.</i>
<i>Manchet,</i>	{	<i>Miss. Jones.</i>
<i>Tib Tatter,</i>	{	<i>Mrs. Palmer.</i>

T H E



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THE
BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Quorum, Dash.

Quor. **H**AS old Chaunter been here lately ?
Dash. No, Sir.

Quor. Hum ! Methought I heard a
Noise in the Office just now.

Dash. Yes, Sir, occasioned by some of your Worship's
daily Visitants.

Quor. A Beggar to be sure — — These Raskals are
more troublesome than all the Rest of the Town — but
the Truth on't is, they pay heartily for it — let me see
— ay — by a moderate Computation, I believe what
I have lost by the Reduction of the Work-house for
some Year's past, has been doubly made up to me by
the pretty Villanies of these industrious Rogues —
What's the Crime now ?

Dash. Only a Breach of Trust, Sir, as usual : He
was overtaken with a Silver Spoon in his Pocket, which
he had stol'n out of a Dish of Broth a poor Servant had
given him for Charity.

Quor. Sad Dog ! since the Goods were found, send him to the rest of his Brethren, where he shall be whipt for his ill Management, that he may learn next Time a more dextrous Conveyance of his Prize — I love to encourage Art in every Profession, that when a Man leaves the World (tho' untimely) he may die with the Reputation of a Master in his Business.

Dash. Sir, there are several other People waiting to be bound over.

Quor. Good again — were it not for these two Articles of binding and unbinding, every Justice of Peace in Town might go whistle — How mistaken are the Nations of Men in this particular of ours ? I'll maintain 'tis both a publick and a private Good ; for Scandal and Resentment are grown Evils so common, that were it not for our Management, the whole Town would go together by the Ears in a little Time — The many Half-Crowns we get for gratifying People's Passions for the verriest Trifles, and a few Moments past for appeasing them, beget so much Remorse when they reflect on their Folly ; that they strive to avoid for the Future such unnecessary Expence, and resolve to live more neighbourly together. But, by the Bye ; our Interest rather obliges us to excite Animosities than promote Peace — 'tis the way of the World — we must submit to Custom : for —

AIR I. *Diogenes* surly and proud.

'Tis Int'rest that governs Mankind,

In every State and Degree ;

For Justice itself waxes blind,

When brib'd with a competent Fee :

However the Truth we disguise,

In order to make our selves great ;

Let he that will open his Eyes

May see the whole World's but a Che—at.

Dash. But, Sir, I'm afraid that Taylor will be troublesome ; he threatens hard, and swears he'll shake your Commission for compounding of Felony.

Quor.

Quor. Does he so? — then I must threaten as fast as he; — impudent Dog! — to talk against Felony when he himself lives by it — 'Tis what I would do again for the same Consideration. If he comes any more on the like Errand, tell him I shall convert his cabbag'd Shreads into a Stone-Doublet, and his Goose and Shears into a swinging Pair of Bolts — for a cross-leg'd Scoundrel.

[Exit.]

Daff. 'Tis the Devil to deal with one of those Tyrants in Power; especially if a Man be poor or any way dependent — I my self was threaten'd t'other Day with the same Fate, only for knowing more of his secret Villanies than he thought convenient. If Perjury, Bribery, Avarice and Subornation be essential, my Master is certainly the most thorough-pac'd Rogue of his whole Brotherhood: But these are now by a long Habit grown so familiar, that they are rather esteem'd Virtues than the contrary.

A I R II. Since all the World is distract'd in Wars.

*If equity is but a specious Pretence
To colour a Villain's Ambition;
Mankind must be void of all Justice and Sense,
When Vice mends alone our Condition.* [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Phebe, Tippet.

Pheb. Did you not observe, *Tippet*, a strange Alteration in my Father's Behaviour to *Hunter* when last he was here?

Tip. What do you infer from thence, Madam?

Pheb. No Good I fear — my anxious Heart forebodes some approaching Evil — I wish I may be mistaken.

Tip. Lord, Madam, you are always boding and divining, as if there were any Cause to suggest those Fears; his Indifference might have proceeded from

B some

some Accident in his Affairs, which for that time had a little chagreen'd him,

Pheb. I wish it be no other — I am always willing to hope the best — Besides, you know a Heart like mine is ever perplex'd, and in doubt, till posseis'd of its Desire,

A I R III. Young *Philaret* and *Celia* met,

The Youth whom I to save wou'd die,

Surpasses all Desire;

Love's fatal Dart enflames my Heart,

And sets me all on Fire.

The plaintive Dove, without her Love,

Thus mourns like me opprest;

But when her Mate arrives, tho' late,

Joy triumphs in her Breast.

Tip. You find, Madam, what a Tyrant this little God of Love is, how he triumphs over our Hearts, and sports with our Misery.

A I R IV. As *Chloe* full of harmless Thought, &c.

The Fish in Innocence secure,

Once tempted by the Bait;

Pursues and snaps the treach'rous Lure,

And meets her certain Fate:

So Virgins when to Love betray'd,

Indulge the pleasing Pain;

The Passion does each Sense invade,

They ne'er are free again.

Enter *Quorum*.

Quor. Hey dey! — whither now Child? you are as finely bedizen'd, as if this were to be your Wedding-day.

Pheb. I hope, Sir, 'tis no such Wonder to see me drest: 'Tis my Ambition always to appear as your Daughter.

Quor. But I fear those fine Clothes may draw you into Temptations; for a young Girl well drest now-a-days, is like a gaudy Butterfly in Summer; which not only attracts the Eyes, but is in danger of being catch'd by every Gazer; therefore I must have no gadding abroad.

Pheb.

Pheb. You don't allow me, Sir, to see Company at home, and methinks 'tis very hard to be debarr'd the Pleasure of visiting my Friends sometimes, especially when 'tis no Expence to you.

Quor. Tho' it be not, it may prove of ill Consequence to us both —— but, my Dear, I have a Request to make you.

Pheb. I wait your Pleasure, Sir.

Quor. Which is, that you resolve to forget *Hunter*, and not to receive any more Visits from him for the future.

Pheb. Pray, Sir, your Reason?

Quor. That you shall have at a proper Time; till when I hope you will remain satisfy'd, I have something greater for you in my View: Besides that young Fellow is in a manner a Stranger to us, and who knows but he may be the opposite of what he seems: At least I shall suspect him without other Assurances than his own.

Pheb. Consider, Sir, what a difficult Task you impose upon me; I'm afraid 'tis not in my Power to forget one, who already has too sure a Possession of my Heart; if I am to blame, 'tis only the Performance of my Duty, since you your self first recommended him to me, and made me promise to accept of him for a Husband; nor am I more answerable for it, than you, Sir, for commanding it.

Quor. True — I own I was somewhat precipitate in my Resolutions before I thoroughly knew him: But now I have weigh'd Matters, I find him not fit for our Purpose, having a Match propos'd me, much more to our Advantage: And in Cases of this Nature, Interest ought always to be first considered; therefore without more Evasions, I must be obey'd.

AIR V. *Polwart on the Green.*

Pheb. Since I by your Consent,

Did first bestow my Heart;

Think on our last Content,

If thus oblig'd to part.

*When faithful Souls in Love unite,
We live but to adore ;
Each other's Passions we requite,
Nor can recall it more.*

Quor. Was it for this I always brought you up with the tenderest Care, and ever nourish'd you in my Bosom, till under my paternal Wings you are now ripen'd into Woman ; and will you thus like a Viper, ungratefully sting me to the Heart by your Disobedience ? away—

A I R VI. *Moggy Lawther on a Day.*

*Sure Woman was at first design'd,
As Nature's richest Treasure,
To sooth the Passion of Mankind,
With each bewitching Pleasure :
But she in ev'ry State of Life,
E'er since the first Creation,
Whether as Widow, Maid, or Wife,
Still proves our whole Vexation.* [Exit.

Tipp. Go thy ways for an ill-natur'd avaritious old — what an unreasonable Creature is your Father, Madam ? first to engage you in an Amour with an agreeable pretty Fellow, and then command you to break off with him, without any Reason, more than some unaccountable Caprice of his own.

Pheb. Right, and as if my Heart were now at my own Disposal — vain Supposition ! But let me canvass the Matter fairly —

Tipp. Now for a hard Struggle between Love and Obedience — Madam, I'll venture my Life on Love's Side.

Pheb. If it were in my Power to disengage my self — and admit it already done — what have I afterwards in view to counterballance the Loss of the present only Joy of my Life ? — I am here to be eternally immur'd as a gaudy Piece of Furniture, amongst the other old-fashion'd Moveables of this antiquated Mansion —

to converse with none but my Goaler of a Father, and the rest of his nauseous Brotherhood : to be excluded the Society of my own Species ; except once a Year at my Lord-Mayor's Ball, and associate with none but our fulsome Clerk and my own Hoyden of a Maid — blest Condition ? —

Tipp. So much for Obedience — now for Love — an ample Theme I must confess.

Pheb. But on the other Hand, if I pursue my Inclinations, what luxuriant Scenes of Pleasure appear in Prospect ? — Such as a happy Deliverance from this Cloister — a Communication with the World — the Possession of an only Lover — Freedom — Marriage — Diversion, and a Thousand other nameless bewitching Joys of Life — then *Phebe*, love on and live.

Tipp. A propos — just as I guess'd.

A I R VII. With tuneful Pipe and merry Glee.

Pheb. *Transporting are the solid Joys,*
Which faithful Love bestows ;
All other Pleasures are but Toys,
Which yield to faint Repose :
Thus when I spy
My Charmer nigh,
My tender Glances prove,
That not a part
Of this fond Heart,
But teems all o'er with Love.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Grigg, Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab.

Cant. Come, Gentlemen of the Rag, here let us expect our King, who will be with us instantly : Let us range our selves in proper Order to receive him — Whilst I speak for ye all — O here he comes —

[*Enter*

Enter Chaunter.

Welcome, most noble Monarch, thus your poor Liege-men great you,

May your Crutch never slip, your Beard cease to grow;
Nor you leave the World, till your Head's white as Snow.

Omnès. Long live the mighty King *Chaunter*.

Chaun. Thanks to my People all — Come, each Man sit down — let all take their Places according to their several Degrees.

Omnès. We obey with Pleasure.

Chaun. Now procced we to Busines — You all know there are a great many of our Friends and Subjects now in Confinement for their Art and Industry, which the mistaken World calls Theft and Robbery, and as the Term is coming on, they must be speedily releas'd, lest the Consequence brings a Scandal on our State: We must have Recourse to our old Friend, *Alderman Quorum*.

Grig. Right, Sir —

Chaun. You are all acquainted with our grand Design of establishing an Alliance with the Justice, by a Marriage between his Daughter and our Son, which if brought to pass will prove most advantagious to our Interest; ye are well assur'd of our constant Care of your Rights and Priviledges, our general Support of your Liberty (Bleffings we enjoy above all other States.)

Grig. Do you hear that, Brother *Cant*?

Cant. Most sweet King!

Gage. Courteous Prince!

Mump. How freely he talks!

Scrip. O happy Monarch!

Swab. And happiest of People, who are blest with such a Monarch!

Chaun.

The BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

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Chaun. As this is one of our Days of meeting or grand Council of State, we have thus early call'd you together, that against the Hour appointed ye may be all prepar'd; and we hope ye will be ready to bring in your usual Contributions at our Request.

Omnes. All, all, to a Man—One and all.

Grig. For who is he that would not risque his Life for such a Prince?

Cant. Under whose wise Government we enjoy the Liberty of a Common-wealth.

Gage. Whilst each Man can toss off his own Bouze—

Mump. And kiss his own, or another's Wench on his own Straw—

Scrip. Without danger of being lamb'd—

Swab In Honour of which let every Maunder clap his Hands and cry. Huzza!

Omnes. Huzza, huzza, huzza!

Chaun. Business being over for this Time, we proclaim a general Suspension of all counterfeited Pains or Aches whatsoever, Let false Blindness and Lameness be now far from you: let every Brother resume his natural Shape; throw away Rags and Crutches, whilst nothing but Mirth and Glee go round— Come fill round the Bouze, and crown it with a Song and a Chorus.

Omnes. A Song, a Song, a Song—

A I R VIII. There was a jovial Beggar.

Grig. Whilst Discord and Envy in mighty Kingdoms dwell,
The Beggar lives at ease within his humble Cell.

And a begging we will, &c.

Cant. No Taxes oppress us, nor Honours wreck our Brain,
State Maxims ne'er perplex us, nor Parties give us Pain.

And a begging, &c.

Gage. Exempt from all Duty by Land or yet by Sea,
We hope not to command, nor care much to obey.

And a begging, &c.

Mump.

Mump. *Whatever we get we seldom keep in Store,
We spend it all to Day—to Morrow beg for more.*
And a begging, &c.

Scrip. *Our Lasses in common we ev'ry one possess,
Marriage is a Priefcraft which makes Enjoyment less.*
And a begging, &c.

Swab. *We live as we list, and skulk beneath the Laws,
For none but a Beggar should judge a Beggar's Cause,*
And a begging, &c.

Chaun. *Contented when Death thro' Age approaches nigh,
In Pleasure thus we live, ad with Pleasure thus we die.*

And a begging, &c.

Thus my jolly Hearts, and loyal Subjects, may we ever live and reign: May our Coffers never want Cole, whilst we have Power to maund, or Fingers to pilfer with— But one Thing I had almost forgot— late last Night arriv'd a Lord to take Possession of an Estate: You must all away to his Lodgings instantly and welcome him after the usual Manner; perhaps ye may move his Bowels to Compassion to open his Purse—but first let me hear your congratulating Speech— who is Orator to Day?

Grig. That am I,—let me alone to harangue—

Chaun. Come, Grigg, imagine your self there —— adjust your Phiz —— skrew up your Notes, and address his Lordship like a true Son of the Crutch, whilst all range themselves in a pitiful Confusion.

Grig. Hem —— The Prince of Pity preserve the right Honourable the Lord such a one; a miserable Company of Wretches come to welcome you to Town, and wish your Lordship Wealth and Happiness; May your Tenants never break, nor your Rents be ill paid, but Fortune still flow upon you: May Glory bless your Days, and Pleasure crown your Nights. The Prayers of the Poor are before either Drums or Musick. Old and Lame, Dumb, and Blind, beg the Gift of your Honour's

Honour's Charity, who will ever, (as in Duty bound,) pray for your Lordship's long Life and good Prospe-
rity.

Cham. Well strain'd Grigg —— but methinks 'tis now time to lay aside that Speech ; 'tis grown old and common ; 'twill be notic'd, and we shall lose by it — we should alter our Form of Speech, as often as we do our Raggs and Sores, to gain us the more Commis-
eration — if ye succeed now, I will pen another ready for the next Occasion, and the proper Tones of Voice suitable thereto —

AIR IX. Glorious first of *August.*

*The Beggars King, tho' thus in State,
Supports it all by Begging ;
My Subsidies still make me great,
Collected too by Begging :
Thus thro' the World we daily see,
Priest, Courtier, Lawyers, all agree,
To live and act as well as we,
In the noble State of Begging.*

[*Exeunt singing the Chorus.*]

S C E N E IV.

Hunter with Musick.

AIR X. Coal-black Joak.

*Hunt. Of all the Girls in our Town,
Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,
With their soft Eyes and Faces so bright ;
Give me a Girl that's blithe and gay,
As warm as June and as sweet as May,
With her Heart free and faithful as Light :*

C

What

The BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

*What lovely Couple then cou'd be
So happy and so blest as we,
On whom eternal Joys wou'd smile,
And all the Cares of Life beguile,
Entranc'd in Bliss each rapt'rous Night.*

Who wou'd take *Harry Hunter* for a Beggar's Son, thus equip'd, and thus lodg'd? and yet, how many pretty Fellows are there in Town, who cut a smart Figure, but as mere Outsides as I am? whose Estates, like mine, are situate, lying and being *in Nubibus*— But egad, I begin to think there is some Secret at the Bottom of all this which I am yet a Stranger to: Nor can I help imagining that either my Father is an occasional Beggar, or that I am not his Son— Well, be it as it may—if I am always thus supply'd, I shall never seek any farther—and if I can but obtain my dear *Phebe*—then Fortune do thy worft—

AIR XI. Ye Nymphs and Sylvian Gods.

*Te Minutes swiftly move,
That bear me to my Love ;
When Phebe's near,
I'm de-bon-air,
And happier far than Jove :
Her every Charm,
Has Power to warm
The coldest Cynick's Breast ;
In each fond Sigh,
My Wishes fly,
To tell how I
In Absence die,
Till of my dear possest.*

Mrs. Chaun. within.] *Harry*—why *Harry Hunter*—
Hunt. Ha! my Mother's Voice—away, Gentlemen, as fast as you can—Quick—fly—begone—so all's well again.

[*Exeunt. Musick.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Chaunter.

Mrs. Chaun. Bless me, *Hall.* — methought I heard Fiddles this way.

Hunt. I was only diverting my self, Madam, with a Tune or so.

Mrs. Chaun. But sure, my Dear, you han't been a Bed yet —

Hunt. You wou'd not have me so unfashionable, Madam, to go to Bed with the Sun and rise with the Lark ; there is not a pretty Fellow in Town, but wou'd for ever forfeit his Character, if he were once known to sleep before this Hour.

Mrs. Chaun. But I'm afraid you'll break your Constitution, and impair your Health by your nightly Revels.

Hunt. Not in the least, Madam — Let your dull heavy Rogues of Busines, Politicians, Fools, and Husbands, rest all Night : But for us Gentlemen of Pleasure, who know how to improve our Hours, and relish the Joys of Life, no Time is comparable to the Night ; in whose silent Minutes, when the rest of the World are dead in Appearance, we live in Reality : Every Moment brings with it it's peculiar Bliss — what Life — what Joys — what Transports, does every beauteous Toast inspire ! Why, Madam, there is not a Charm from Head to Foot in my divine *Phebe*, but I have swallow'd down in a full Glass of sparkling *Burgundy*, and yet was never better in all Life.

Mrs. Chaun. Ay now, dear *Hall*, you begin to talk indeed ; she is a Mistress well worth your Addresses : Pursue her close, and I'll warrant you'll win and wear her —

A I R XII. When Beauty will its Power pursue.

*When Youth and Beauty join with Art,
To charm a tender Virgin's Heart ;*

C 2

Who

*Who can the dear Temptation shun ?
The Bait allures, they forward run,
And willing yield to be undone.*

Hunt. *But when some heavenly Nymph we view,
Languishing, soft, and blooming too :
How many Youths distract'd fly
To catch the fair Enchanter's Eye,
And round her Charms expiring lie ?*

Enter Grigg.

Ha ! my dear Mercury, thou'rt welcome — What News from the Island of Love ?

Grig. Oh ! Sir, I am as much jaded as a Carrier's Horse — I have talk'd till I am tir'd, waited till almost famish'd, and have groan'd under the Weight of this Wax, Ink, and Paper — till my Heart is e'en broke again.

Hunt. Quick, quick, Sirrah — thus wou'd I devour the dear Hand that wrote it — My Impatience will scarce give me leave to open it.

Reads] “ If you regard your own Happiness, or my Welfare, you will as soon as possible, let me see you about an Affair which equally concerns us both : “ My Father will be out of the Way till Dinner. Remember your Absence will prove dangerous to her, “ who only lives in your Presence.”

PHEBE.

Raptures unspeakable —

AIR XIII. Deel take the Wars.

*Behold, I fly on Wings of soft Desire,
Whilst gentle Zephyrs waft me on ;
Eager as when a Bridegroom all on Fire,
Longs from the Company to be gone :
She blushing flies the Pleasure,
He rushing grasps his Treasure,*

Till

*'Till with mutual Tenderness each other they warm :
Since Phebe's my Guide,
And Love does perfide,
Each Monarch tho' great,
Wou'd envy my State,
For she, she alone has the Power to charm.* [Exit.

Mrs. Chaun. Why Grig, I think your Master's Affairs go on swimmingly — You are a rare Manager in Matters of Love.

Grig. Yes, Madam, Thanks to my Industry; I'm sure I spare no Pains to bring it to a Match; then, Madam, you know I'm serviceable to the Family in a double Capacity, both as a Servant and a Beggar.

Mrs. Chaun. I'll say that for you, you were always a promising Fellow. I hate your dull unactive Rogues, who still drudge on the same Way they first set out in: Give me a Man of an enterprizing Spirit, that loves Variety; one that Will not be cramp't in his Genius, but shoots at every Game that offers, who rather than be idle will stick at nothing —

AIR XIV. Here is a Penny-worth of Wit.

*The Man that bravely ventures all,
A noble Fortune once may get ;
The Gamester's Stock at first tho' small,
Encreases by a lucky Hit.*

Grig. Right, Madam; there's nothing like a good Resolution.

Mrs. Chaun. Be sure, Grigg, let me know what Success attends your Master on this Summons. [Exit.

Grig. I shall, Madam. — If my Master obtains his Ends on the Mistress, perhaps I may mine on the Maid. She knows not yet that I am a Beggar, and if when she does, she likes me not, she may go to the Devil for Grig, for I would not alter my Condition for the best Commission of Peace in the City — however I'll try her, 'tis

'tis but taking up with Tib at the worft; in order to which I'll first take a chirping Glass, and then—

AIR XV. Highland Lilt.

*For when the Head is full of Wine,
The Heart is brisk and jolly;
The present Minutes shall be mine,
In spite of Melancholy:
Let sober Fools indulge their Spleen,
Without a Flask or Charmer;
Give me a Girl of sweet Fifteen,
With Love and Wine I'll warm her. Tol, lol, &c.*

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

Phebe, Tippet.

Pheb. Oh! my dear Tippet, how long he stays? methinks 'tis an Age since I writ to him; perhaps some new Accident detains him.

Tip. 'Tis but the Excess of your Passion, Madam, which suggests to you a thousand needless Fears.

Pheb. But do you think I can ever forego my Love? ah no! — sooner shall Courtiers keep their Words, City Magistrates distribute Justice, and Lawyers plead for Charity.

AIR XVI. Once I had a Sweet-heart.

*Ob! how can I think from my True-Love to part,
Ob! how can I think from my True-Love to part,
The Moment I lose him, the Moment I lose him,
The Moment I lose him, 'twill break my fond Heart.*

Tip. And wou'd you disobey your Father — so good, so careful a Parent?

Pheb.

Pheb. Rather a Tyrant to me——do not vex me into longer Life; for if my *Hunter* finds not an Expedient to relieve, certain Death will be my Doom.

Tip. At Eighteen!——talk of dying at Eighteen—Prodigious——

Pheb. Without Love and Youth preserve me.

Tip. What a Monster art thou, *Cupid*, over poor Creatures of Eighteen! There is not one amongst an hundred of us, but is more taken with a Toy at eighteen, than at eight and twenty——

AIR XVII. The Spring's a coming, &c.

Young Virgins love Pleasure,
As Miser's do Treasure,
And both alike study to heighten the Measure;
Their Hearts they will rifle,
For ev'ry new Trifle,
And when in their Teens fall in Love for a Song:
But soon as they marry,
And find Things miscarry,
Ob! how they sigh that they were not more wary:
Instead of soft wooing,
They run to their Ruin,
And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.

Enter Hunter.

Hunt. Oh! my Life—my Love—my *Phebe*.

Pheb. At sight of thee, my Joy's too great to last: for oh! how shall I speak it? my cruel Father has forbid me e'er to see you more; regardless of his first Proposal to you, which was the unhappy Reason of my sending for you.

Hunt. Hard-hearted Wretch!——can you not guess the Cause, my Love?

Pheb. I know no other, than his positive Commands I shou'd obey him.

Hunt.

Hunt. And can my dearest *Phebe* ever think of parting with her *Hunter*, who only lives to love and to adore her?

Pheb. Heart-breaking Thought! I cannot bear it—O no, my Love, I'm wholly yours in spite of all Obedience — I will never forsake you whilst there is Swiftness in Thought, Pleasure in Flattery, or Constancy in Malice.

Hunt. Sooner then shall Tygers live in Water, Fish on Land, and Bees forsake their sweetest Flowers, than I'll forego my dearest *Phebe*: Not all the Powers on Earth shall e'er divide thee from me.

Pheb. Then Fortune I despise thee—

AIR XVIII. Young *Damon* once the happy Swain.

Thus blest in thee, I'll brave my Fate,
Nor envy all the mighty Great;
In thee I doubly live:
For oh! what Transports do ensue
The Passion that's inspir'd by you,
Which you alone can give.

Hunt. Not all the Service of my Life is sufficient to requite this Fondness.

Pheb. Contrive but some means for my Deliverance hence, and you will over-pay me.

Hunt. Conclude it already done; for I'll this Day redeem you tho' it cost my Life; for what is Life without my dearest loveliest *Phebe*?

AIR XIX. One *April* Morn when from the Sea.

Hunt. *When the bright Sun at Noon of Day*
His genial Beams dispenses;
Nature revives and seems all gay,
Refreshing human Senses:

*So the soft Raptures of my Love
My ravish'd Heart possessing,
Do to my Soul more grateful prove
Than any Earthly Blessing.*

Pheb. Ah me, how soon my Fears controul my Bliss—methinks I hear my Father call—you must be gone.

Hunt. Must we then part so soon? — dreadful Sound — hard Fate for Lovers!

Pheb. When you are gone, and out of Sight, ah! think upon your *Phebe*: Let not other Objects interpose between my Love and me — — remember I'm a Prisoner, and must be so without you — — One last farewell —

Hunt. One dear—one soft Embrace—and now —

A I R XX. *Peggy grives me.*

*Since we must part,—my Love, adieu;
But oh! I die to leave thee;*

Phebe. *Tour Absence will my Fears renew,
And of all Joys bereave me:*

Hunter. *We part, my Life, to meet again,
Tho' now we must retire:*

Phebe. *Then haste! oh! — haste to ease my Pain,
Left I with Grief expire,*

[*Exeunt severally.*]





A C T II. S C E N E I.

Quorum and Chaunter.

Quor. COME, honest *Chaunter*, sit thee down, and be welcome — you are grown a great Stranger of late ; I suppose you are now come upon the old score of Redemption ; there are some Friends of yours in *Limbo*.

Chaunt. How many, Sir ?

Quor. About half a Dozen, or so.

Chaun. All Men, Sir ?

Quor. No, I think there are of both Sexes ; my Clerk can tell you their Names.

Chaun. Hum — what a pity 'tis, Mr. *Alderman*, that Industry shou'd be so much discourag'd as 'tis ?

Quor. I believe, Mr. *Chaunter*, if some others were of your Principles, the Gifts of Fortune would be more equally distributed than they are.

Chaun. Right — how happy was the primitive World when there were no other Laws to govern by, than those of Nature ? when Men enjoyed every thing in common ; and no such Crimes were heard of as Robbery or petty Larceny : When if a poor Man wanted any thing his rich Neighbour possess'd, he might take it without farther Ceremony, and be in no Danger of a Goal ; but it was looked upon as a Loan, which he was again to repay in some other kind — But Hospitality is long since banish'd the World, and the Laws of Nature quite perverted.

A I R I. Captain Mc. Can.

*How hard is the Fate
Of Men in each State,
All Slaves to Ambition, and Riches, and Riches.
No Vices or Pain,
They'll stick at for Gain,
For Money all People bewitches, bewitches.
But who can there be
So happy as we?
For Beggars ne'er study for Treasure, for Treasure;
So we live and no more,
We value no Store,
We think of nought else but our Pleasure, our
Pleasure.*

Quor. Why, as you say, if every thing was in common as formerly, Men wou'd not have those Temptations to be wicked; for then 'twere in their own Power to enjoy their Desires, without having Recourse to Fraud or Circumvention to obtain them: and I am sure whilst you and I live in the World, we shall never see a Reformation; so drink about.

A I R. II. In the merry Month of June.

*Here's to thee, honest Fellow,
Come roundly play your part;
Chaun. I'll drink 'till I am mellow, —
Tour Health with all my Heart:
Quor. Let Men live as they list,
So we our Ends obtain;
Then here's to thee — Chaun. And here's to thee,
Quor. And here's to thee again.*

Chaun. But I had almost forgot, your Worship said there was half a Dozen Friends of mine in Custody: of what Order are they?

Quor. Order, say you? — I understand you not — I never in the least suspected you had any Order amongst ye. — Pray explain your self.

Chaun. Why, Sir, by this time I thought you had been better acquainted with the Beggar's Constitution — — Order, Sir! — — there is not a State or Monarchy in *Europe* better regulated and more in Subjection to its Laws than ours. We are a free-born People, and enjoy Liberty to a greater Extent than any Nation under the Sun — — We are not confin'd to any one Kingdom, or Empire; no, Sir, — — the whole Globe is ours, which we range over at Pleasure — — then for Property, who can equal us? — — for tho' we know not any such thing among our selves, yet we make every Man's Property our own, as far as Art and Industry will permit us — — and as for Pleasure — in that particular we are envy'd by all Mankind.

Quor. Ha, ha, ha! — I must confess till now, I ever thought Poverty and Pleasure incompatible.

Chaun. Good Words, Mr. *Alderman* — — tho' you seem to despise Poverty, I doubt not but the Beggar's Purse is the best Feather in your Cap.

Quor. My Cap, Mr. *Chaunter*? I don't understand what you aim at — I am not us'd to such kind of Language — I hope you know who I am.

Chaun. Ay, Sir, and I know I have purchas'd my Knowledge of you at a dear Rate — — must I be contemn'd, and pay for't too? — Looke, Mr. *Alderman*, were it not for us Beggars, your Commission would not be worth Two-pence.

Quor. Is this Treatment in my own House? — you are an impudent Impostor — — and I will not bear it — begone — —

AIR III. This great World is a Bubble.

*Hence, you sawcy Fellow,
Know you thus to whom you prate ?
Dare such Varlets bellow,
In their abject State ?
Fly, nor more provoke me,
Left thro' Rage I choak thee :
Nothing else shall save
So vile, so base a Slave,*

AIR IV. Come let us prepare.

Chaun. *Pray good Mr. Bluff,
Why in such a Huff ?
Upbraid me not with my Condition :
Tho' Justice of Peace,
I wou'd not change Place
With you, for your—dirty Commission.*

Quor. Insolence unparalleled !

Chaun. You are—no better than you shou'd be ; and I would not tarry under one Roof with you, wou'd you hire me—I am glad I know you—you shall be no Gainer by it, I assure you—this I design'd to drop here (*shews a Purse*) but now—I shall take it home again.

Quor. (*Aside*) I must not part with him in this Humour—lookee, Mr. Chaunter, I am the farthest of any Man in the World from giving Abuse without a sufficient Cause ; what I said was only the Effects of a sudden Passion I am subject to, but 'tis soon over ; and since you rais'd it, you shou'd not take two or three hasty Words so ill—come, you must be appeas'd : we were both in the wrong, and must pardon each other.

Chaun.

Chaun. Why, Mr. Alderman, tho' I'm a Beggar, yet I'm a sturdy one ; I have a Spirit of Resentment as well as any Man——I affront no Person, nor shall any Man abuse me——besides, above all People, you and I shou'd never fall out, for you know there's an old Saying——I hope you'll pardon me——when Knaves fall out, honest People hear of their own, ha, ha, ha! As for my Part, I confess I'm no better than my Neighbours, nor are you, Mr. *Alderman*, I believe infallible, ha, ha- ha !

Quor. Ha, ha, ha! very right——ha, ha, ha! we all have our Failings as you say, ha, ha, ha! methinks I don't relish this Wine: Come, we'll go into my Closet, and there over a Bottle of good *Burgundy* cement our Friendship.

Chaun. With all my Heart——and there we'll treat of my poor Brethren in Affliction.

A I R V. Here's to thee my Boy.

*'Tis Wine that creates
And salves our Debates,
It makes us both captive and free ; both, &c.
No Bus'ness can pass,
Without a dear Glass,
For Wine can make all Things agree. For, &c.*

S C E N E II.

*Mrs. Chaunter, Strumer, Mopsey, Blouze, Drab,
Manchet, Tib Tatter.*

Mrs. Chaun. I must confess a Glass of good Liquor is the best Remedy in the World for most kinds of Disorders, and however reserv'd we seem before People, Custom, not our Inclinations, is in the Fault, for there is no Woman but loves a Glass privately——now since we are here met to be merry, let each chuse that which is most agreeable to her Palate.

Strum.

Strum. I am for a Mug of Stout — a good Quart and half pint, with a Toast and Nutmeg — O 'tis a wonderfnl Cordial in a Morning.

Mop. Ay, if you had added a little Brandy and Sugar, it wou'd have been delicious, for there is nothing comparable to a Hot-pot.

Blouze. Now what do you think of a Quart of *March-Ber* mull'd ?

Drab. Faugh — give me an enlivening Dram of plain *Nantz*.

Manc. Or what is better, a hearty Bouze of *Usquebagh*.

Tib Tatt. And to my Mind there is nothing like a Glass of honest *Gin*.

Mrs. Chaun. As for my Part, I have always been very nice in my Liquor, and must own there is not any Thing that relishes with me, nor agrees so well with my Constitution as a little burnt Brandy — so let each have her Inclination.

Strum. No, no, Madam, in Complaisance to you, we'll all drink of your Liquor.

Omnes. Ay, ay, burnt *Brandy* — burnt *Brandy* for ever —

AIR VI. High way to *Dublin*.

Mrs. Chaun. Then fill up each Glass,
With powerful *Nantz* ;
'Twill brighten each Face,
And Pleasure enhance :
No Rum or Champaign,
Like *Nantz* can impart
Such Wit to the Brain,
Or Joy to the Heart.

Strum.

Strum. What a strange Pass this World is come to—there is hardly any Thing to be had for Charity now a days—I remember when I was a young Girl, I cou'd raise Compassion with a pitiful whine, and an affected Distemper, better than now I can with a Child at my Breast, and half a dozen borrow'd ones more at my Heels.

Mopf. As you say, Charity is at a very low Ebb indeed, for between the Church-Wardens and the Work-House we are greatly Sufferers ! If at a Door we beg an Alms, they bid us apply to the Church, where half the daily Contributions stick to the Fingers of the Collectors.

Blouz. And if we offer to complain, we are immediately whipt into the Work-House, where we must work our Fingers to the Bone, and be half starv'd for our Labour, in order to enrich our Tyrannical Masters.

Drab. As for my Part, I can't much complain, for what I lose one way I make up another. You must know, I have hitherto been so fortunate with the Men, that within these half a dozen Years, I have had above a dozen Husbands, so that almost ev'ry Month has been Honey-Moon with me.

Manch. Cousin Tib and I live after another Manner—we have the Luck to be always pregnant, and besides, what we get for letting out our Brats, we make a pretty good Hand on't ; for if we find an Opportunity wherever we go, we are a little nimble Finger'd or so,

Tib Tatt. And if we chance to fail that way, we generally pafs for a couple of Gypsies ; and you know the young Girls are as full of Questions about Sweet-hearts as we are fond of gulling them.

AIR VII. Lestrum pone.

*By Dint of Assurance our Projects we carry,
We know by Experience young Girls love to marry;
We promise good Fortunes and Husbands in Store,
So chouse 'em and leave 'em as they were before.*

Strum. Come, my Girls, let's bouze about, I hate to talk when we have better Business in Hand —— fill Bumpers round, and drink her Majesty's Health.

Mop. Ay, ay, drink and sing for ever.

Blouz. Right —— and to grace the Health let's have a Song; we hope, Madam, you'll lead the way in this as in every thing else.

Mrs. Chaun. O by all means —— I love Diver-
sion with all my Heart. —

AIR VIII. Talk no more of Whig or Tory.

L

*How blest are Beggars Lasses,
Who never Toil for Treasure!
We know no Care but how to share
Each Days successive Pleasure:
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with Bliss abound,
Mirth and Joy, ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.*

II.

Strum. A Fig for gawdy Fashions,
No want of Clothes oppresses;
We live at ease with Rags and Fleas,
We value not our Dresses.

Drink away, &c.

E

III. Mops.

III.

Mops. *We scorn all Ladies Washes,*
With which they spoil each Feature;
No Patch or Paint, our Beauties taint,
We live in simple Nature.

Drink away, &c.

IV.

Blouz. *No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours,*
At Morn or Ev'ning tease us;
We drink not Tea, or Ratifa,
When sick a Dram can ease us.

Drink away, &c.

V.

Drab. *What Ladies act in private,*
By Nature's soft Compliance;
We think no Crime, when in our Prime,
To kiss without a Licence.

Drink away, &c.

VI.

Mancht. *We know no Shame or Scandal,*
The Beggars Law befriends us;
We all agree in Liberty,
And Poverty defends us.

Drink away, &c.

VII.

Tib. Tatt. *Like jolly Beggar-Wenches,*
Thus, thus we drown all Sorrow,
We live to day, and ne'er delay
Our Pleasure 'till to morrow.

Drink

*Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with bliss abound ;
Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.*

Mrs. Chaun. Thus may we ever indulge our selves in dear Delight — the Hour is come which calls me hence, let us now depart till another Opportunity — thus I lead the Way —

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Phoebe and Tippet.

Tipp. Make no doubt on't, Madam, he'll be as good as his Word ; I never yet heard a Lover that wou'd slip an Opportunity of rescuing a Mistress in your Circumstances.

Phoeb. But when I consider the Difficulties he has to surmount, I almost despair of his Success.

Tipp. Leave that to him, Madam ; the greater Hardship, the more Glory : Difficulty heightens Love, and he that wou'd obtain a Kernel, must first hazard his Teeth in breaking the Shell before he comes at it.

A I R IX. On a Bank of Flowers, &c.

*When a Lover's Sighs his Mistress gains,
What Joys his Soul possess ?
The Mem'ry of his former Pains,
Augments his Happiness :
To enjoy the Fair then straight be flies
No Danger can the youth surprize,
With a fal, fal, fal, la, &c.
Till in her Arms he dies.*

Thus will it prove with your *Hunter* and you, Madam.

Pheb. Fain woud I believe it, but have little hopes—This Day is fix'd for our Escape, but how, or after what manner I am yet to learn—well sooner or later, I am prepar'd—
O *Tippet!* did you but know my Heart, you woud certainly pity me.

A I R X. Past one a Clock in a cold frosty, &c.

Shou'd the dear Youth now fail to relieve me,
Or be successless in his Design;
What Pow'r on Earth from Death can reprieveme,
If the dear Charmer must ne'er be mine?
O God of Love, do but propitious smile,
Lend him thy Wings to bear me hence away;
Favour our Flight, and all my Fears beguile,
And I'll adore thee both Night and Day.

Enter Quorum.

Quor. Come hither, *Phebe*—have you not always found me an indulgent Parent?

Pheb. Yes, Sir; and I hope I have ever behav'd as a dutiful Child.

Quor. And such I expect you still to be; for to convince you how well I deserve your Duty, and how anxious I am for your Welfare, I am come to bestow on you a Lover highly deserving your Acceptance, in Recompence for the one you have lost—'tis the young—the rich, the sprightly *Tradelove*, my Brother Alderman's Son, just come from the Temple.

Pheb. Then, Sir, he deserves a better Fortune: he'll ne'er accept of me.

Quor. I tell you, Child, 'tis his own Proposal, he'll be here himself to Day, and then defend your Heart if you can.

Tipp.

Tipp. Mind that, Madam, there's nothing like Variety.

AIR XI. Young Jockey blith and gay.

*That Maid ne'er knows her Heart,
But by one Spark careſſ'd ;
The Pain is ſmall to part,
When in another bleſt :
Tis ſweet Variety
That Beauty does controul ;
But Interest ſtill ſhould be
Aſcendant o'er the Soul.*

Enter Grigg in diſguife.

Grig. Pray, Sir, does the worthy Alderman *Quorum* live here?

Quor. Yes, Friend, I am the Person.

Grig. Sir, I muſt humbly beg your Worſhip's Pardon —— Hearing, Sir, that your Worſhip had been a great Traveller, and a Gentleman of muſh Curioſity, I have made bold to bring one of the moſt ſurprizing Rarities that ever was ſeen in *Europe*, to ſhew your Honour.

Quor. Ay, pray what may that be?

Grig. Why, Sir, you muſt know that once making a Trading Voyage to the *Indies*, it was my Miſfortune to be caſt away on the Coast of *Tartary*, where I lost both Ship and Cargo, and very narrowly eſcap'd with my Life: When I reach'd the Shore, I was taken up by ſome of the great *Cham's* Officers, who carry'd me to Court, where I remain'd for ſome Years very muſh eſteemed by the *Tartars*.

Quor. Very well —— go on Friend — I love to hear ſuch odd kind of Adventures,

Grigg.

Grig. It happen'd that one of the petty Princes of the Empire rais'd a great Rebellion, against whom the *Cham* himself was oblig'd to march with his whole Army, amongst whom I had the Honour to be one. In short, Sir, we met, fought and destroy'd all our Enemies, where I had the good Fortune to take the Prince Prisoner, who was afterwards bestow'd upon me for a Servant by the great *Cham*, for my good Services in this Expedition, together with my Liberty to depart his Dominions when I pleas'd; both which I accepted of, and am at last, as you see, arriv'd in my own Country, where I am necessitated to shew him publickly, as a means to repair my broken Fortunes, and humbly hope your Worship will grant me your Licence to expose him at this End of the Town.

Quor. Well, but what sort of a Creature is he, and how call'd?

Grig. His Name, Sir, is *Aboubekir Cracomonopow*—but of so prodigious a Shape and Bulk, that without your Worship was to see him personally, all Description could not paint him.

Quor. Indeed!—and pray where is this Wonder of a Man?

Grig. My Servants have him in a Coach at the Door: will your Worship please to see him?

Quor. O yes, by all means; I am a kind of a *Virtuoso*, and love strange Sights with all my Heart.

Grig. Without there—bring in the great *Aboubekir Cracomonopow*. I believe I must go my self for him.

[Exit.

Quor. Phebe, Child, don't be afraid; you will immediately see something surprizing.

Pheb. I am not over curious, Sir—come, *Tipper*, let us be gone.

Tipp. O Madam, how can you be so indifferent? 'twill serve to amuse you a little.

Quor. What, not stay to behold so prodigious a Wonder? I say you shall see him—I am resolv'd you shall.

shall. 'Tis plain this Girl is not the Offspring of these Loins by her want of Curiosity.

Tipp. Besides, Madam, who knows but there may be something at the Bottom of all this that may prove to our Advantage.

Pheb. I fear not —— I see not any Probability of Hope.

Enter Grigg with Hunter disguised.

Pheb. { Oh !

Tipp. {

Quor. Bless my Eyes ! —— pray, Sir, is he mischievous ? methinks I don't much like his Phisiognomy.

Grig. Lord, Sir, he is as tame as one of us, except he be provok'd —— Pray, Ladies, fear him not, he's doatingly fond of your Sex, and is as complaisant to the Ladies as any Courtier in Christendom —— come hither Prince *Aboubekir Cracomonopow*.

Quor. Pray, Sir, keep him at a distance ; I desire not a nearer Acquaintance —— can he speak pray ?

Grig. Most admirably in his own Language ; but it's a little barbarous or so : however you shall hear how he addresses the Ladies.

Be de akeon para thina polupblos boiou thalasses.

Hunt. *Chauluchbong auk gund a luck aleiger ludor seneg adonkel.* Madam — Madam — don't you know me ?

[*Advancing.*]

Pheb. { Oh !

Tipp. {

Quor. Oons ! he'll devour 'em both — call in the Constables there.

Grig. Hold, Sir, do not provoke him —— he's ver-ry terrible sometimes — why, Sir, I have seen him eat up half a dozen *Tartars* for a Breakfast, and not have the worse Stomach for his Dinner. He is one of your Man-eaters, or *Indian Canibals* — we must use him gently, so, so, so. —

Enter

Enter Dash.

Dash. Sir, the Office is full of People waiting for your Worship.

Quor. Tell 'em I'll come presently.

Dash. But, Sir, they have already stay'd so long, they swear they will not wait any longer.

Quor. I'll be there before you can draw their Examinations — well, Sir, how is he now?

Dash. Why, Sir, they are already drawn: besides, Sir, the People are impatient; they threaten to go to another Justice, and your Worship will lose a great many Half-Crowns.

Quor. Well, well, go in — I'll follow you this Moment. (Exit *Dash.*) Friend, I must beg your Pardon a little; I'll be with you again instantly: I leave my Daughter with you; pray see that she receives no hurt from your Man-Monster.

Grig. Not in the least, Sir, he is intirely obedient to my Will. Now the Coast is clear, be as speedy as possible, Sir.

Hunt. Look on me, Madam, am I wholly a Stranger to you? hence all Disguise, and know your faithful Hunter.

Pheb. O lucky Moment — happy, happy *Phebe*! How stupid was I and blind to my Felicity? my Heart shou'd have convinc'd my Eyes that you were present, and have flown to meet you.

Hunt. You see, my Dear, how Love disguises us; and since I have thus far succeeded, let us improve the Opportunity, and fly this hated Place, whilst *Grig* amuses your Father, least he suspects a Counterfeit.

Pheb. Now all my Fears are over, I'm at your Disposal: But, my dear *Tippet*, can I leave you behind me?

Tip. No, Madam, I'm resolv'd to follow you where'er you go, and share in all your Fortunes.

Pheb.

Phib. Then am I compleatly happy — now lead me where you please.

AIR XII. Tho' cruel you seem to my Pain,

*Thus like some poor Captive in Chains,
Redeem'd from a merciless Crew,
I now bid adieu to my Pains,
To fly from Confinement with you.
Were Millions to bribe here my Stay,
Whilst Poverty round you did fly ;
I'd spurn the vile Treasure away,
Contented with you live and die.*

AIR XIII. As Jockey and Jenny together were laid,

Hunt. *The Merchant possess'd of his Cargo on Shore,
Forgets all the Loss he had suffer'd before ;
Enrich'd thus, my Charmer, with Pleasure I view,
The Joys of my Life all redoubled by you :
For oh ! I would forfeit whole Empires to be
Thus blest and thus happy for ever in thee.*

[Exeunt.

Grig. I am glad they are gone, for I hear Quorum :
I must detain him whilst they escape.

Enter Quorum.

Well, Sir, I was just coming to take my leave of you for this time.

Quor. Hah ! where's the Monster and my Girl ?

Grig. Why, Sir, your Daughter was afraid to stay after you were gone, and so quitted the Chamber, and I have sent him home again till another Opportunity. I have a great many other Curiosities well worth your

Worship's Observation, which I shall be proud to shew you some other time.

Quor. Other Rarities, say you — what are they?

Grig. Why, Sir, I have the Ashes of a *Phænix* found in the Desarts of *Arabia*, which incorporated with the Jelly of a fallen Star, perfectly restores the Dead to Life.

Quor. Incredible!

Grig. Then, Sir, I have the Corpse of a noble *Tartar*, who kill'd himself at the Burial of his deceased Master, the great *Cham*, in order to accompany him in the other World; who, tho' dead these Thousand Years, is as fresh and sweet as if he dy'd but Yesterday; and when your Worship pleases, you shall see him restor'd to Life, by the Help of the aforesaid Medicine.

Quor. Wonderful indeed!

Grig. I have many more, Sir, as extraordinary in their Natures as these I have already mentioned: I shall make bold to wait on you in a Day or two, and must now take leave of your Worship with the following Catch, which I learn'd since my Arrival.

AIR XIV. There was a poor Couple.

When old Men grow peevish and will not come to,
Fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

When old Men are peevish and will not come to,
Their Children forsake 'em, as now I leave you.

Fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

So, Sir, your humble Servant.

[Exit.]

Quor. What can all this mean — — gone abruptly too? — — Egad I begin to smell a Rat — — Ho, *Phœbe* — — *Phœbe* — — *Tippet* — — No body within there — I'm robb'd, ruin'd and undone — was ever Man so bamboozl'd by a lying Son of a Whore — It was all a Contrivance, a Plot — — a damn'd Plot, to rob my House and steal my Daughter — O that Dog *Hunter* — I'll be

be hang'd but it was he in Disguise — what's to be done? — I shall be disgrac'd, pointed at, and sung about the Streets in Ballads; a Pox of his Cracow *wow wow.*

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Chaunter, Grigg, Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab,
and others.

Chaun. Come, Princes of the Seven Orders; as this is our Day of Assembly or grand Council of State, 'tis our royal Pleasure that the Principal of each Order answer to his Name when call'd, and receive our proper Instructions according to Custom — come read away.

Grig. *Jeremy Crupper*, alias *Cant*, Prince of the Lip-pineers or blind Men.

Cant. Here.

Chaun. You are hereby requir'd to bring in the Contributions of your Order for Whites of Eggs, Ising-glass and other Ingredients, wherewith you counterfeit Blindness, which you have had out of our general Magazine or Store-house this Quarter; but see that the few real Blind go Scot-free.

Grig. *Roger Shallow*, alias *Whimble*, alias *Gage*, Prince of the Filchers or Lame-men.

Gage. Here.

Chaun. You are much in Arrears for Rosin, Brim-stone, Birdlime and Cream, to make false Sores and Cancers; besides wooden Legs, Stools and Crutches: discharge your Debts, and shift your Stations.

Grig. *Barnaby Bumping*, alias *Hobnail*, alias *Truckle*, alias *Mump*, Prince of the Maundareens or general Counterfeits.

Mump. Here.

Cham. As you are much the larger and more numerous Order of the Seven, and consequently bring in a Revenue greater than all the rest put together; I have taken Pains to render ye compleat Rogues. I have study'd a new Exercise of the Crutch, with the different Ways to cry, halt and stammer. We hope you will be as industrious in collecting your Tribute, as we have been in our Productions.

Grig. Robert Rymer, alias Scrip, Prince of the Carabances or Fools.

Scrip. Here.

Cham. As there are many of ye more Knaves than Fools, I need not recommend any Thing to you, but Care that you are not discover'd, and that you frequent not one Place too often — you are ordered to bring in your Supplies.

Grig. Jeffey Trott, alias Joggle, alias Swab, Prince of the Beaucracks, or real Objects.

Swab. Here.

Cham. Since you are the fewest in Number of any of the Seven, and scarce procure a bare Maintenance, by your pitiful Diseases and Infirmities; we remit you all Taxes due, or that shall become due for the future. But as Roguery is necessary in every Station of Life, if People would live in the World now-a-days, you must counterfeit even Death itself to raise Compassion.

Grig. Tim Simple, alias Blunder, alias Gibbet, alias Grigg, Prince of the Gypsies — that's I, please your Majesty.

Cham. O Sir, you are Head of a numerous Gang, and a profitable one too; we have little Occasion to instruct you, your own Industry is sufficient: But I have for the Good of the Publick in general, set down a new congratulating Speech for Welcomes, Marriages, &c. besides one for Funerals: As for the several Phrases of Begging in their most moving Tones, with proper Flats and Sharps occasionally, we have inserted them after a new Method for the Instruction of all:

all : So that now ye are, if ye know it, the happiest of People, and I the greatest Monarch under the Sun.

Grig. Let each gratefully cry Huzza, and blessthe King.

Omnes. Huzza, huzza, huzza ! —— Heaven preserve the noble King Chaunter.

Chaun. As for the seventh Order, whereof we our self are chief in a more particular Manner, we shall take Care that every Thing be regularly manag'd. And now my worthy People, and true Liegemen, as ye are all acquainted with the intended Marriage of Prince Grigg, and TibTatter, the Celebration of which we intend to honour with the Nuptials of our Son Harry, and Justice Quorum's Daughter Pbebe, we therefore invite ye all to the Festival on that solemn Occasion, where ye shall see the Grandour of a *Beggar's Wedding* : Our self will send you notice of the Time ; till when, be ready to appear in Case of any Accident.

Omnes. One and all —— we'll die to serve our King.

Chaun. Come, my merry Hearts, fill about, and drink Success to the *Beggar's Wedding*.

Omnes. Success to the Weddiug —— Huzza ——

Grig. Now for a Song ——

AIR XV. Come Neighbours now we've made our Hay.

Let now each jolly Beggar sing,
For who can be
Happy as we,
Thus govern'd by our gracious King ?
No Monarchy, tho' ne'er so great,
But envies still the Beggar's State :
Then let's carouze
Our sparkling Bouze,
Our sparkling Bou—ze
This will new Joys create.

C H O R U S.

*Let us drink Bumpers round
 Let us drink Bumpers round,
 To the seven great Orders ;
 To all poor ragged Rogues,
 To all poor, poor, poor ragged Rogues,
 And the King of the Beggars.*

Cham. Now adjourn we till another Opportunity :
 Grigg, dismiss 'em for this Time.

Grig. Let each Man repair to his respective Station, and there attend the King's farther Pleasure.

Omnes. We joyfully obey his Majesty, and thank the kind, the learn'd Prince Grigg.

[*Exeunt singing the last Chorus.*



A C T III. S C E N E. I.

Hunter, Phebe, Mrs. Chaunter, Tippet.

Hunt. WELCOME, my dearest *Phebe*, to this safe RETREAT; here may you remain secure from the PERSECUTION of your FATHER; call this HOUSE from hence your own; and this GENTLEWOMAN will take CARE you are provided with every NECESSARY.

Mrs. Chaun. That I shall with PLEASURE —— and shall think my self happy in the COMPANY of so much SWEETNESS.

Pheb. You are too kind, MADAM; my poor MERIT deserves not half this GOODNESS. Thus blest, sure nothing can disturb me, whilst my *Hunter* is thus near me, for every PLACE with him is PARADICE.

Hunt. My dearest —— worthiest *Phebe* — thou art more than WOMAN, and I more happy than MANKIND. I must now leave you for a few MOMENTS, to give some NECESSARY DIRECTIONS about our APPROACHING NUP-TIALS; for I'm RESOLV'D this DAY shall make you MINE for ever.

AIR I. To all ye Ladies now on Land.

Since Love and Fortune both incline
To crown our Hopes with Joy;
Soft Hymen shall our Bliss refine,
And all our Lives employ:
To this poor World I bid adieu,
For thousand such I find in you,

With a fal, fal, fal. la, &c.

[Exit.

Mrs.

Mrs. Chaun. Come, Madam, be cheerful and gay, command this House as your own, and I hope you'll find no other Change in your new Lodgings than a greater Enjoyment of your Liberty. Please, Madam, to excuse me, 'till I give some necessary Orders about your Apartment.

Pheb. Now, my dear *Tippet*, what are your Thoughts about our Flight?

Tip. Thoughts, Madam? the most pleasant in the World: I can't but laugh to think what a terrible Fright our Escape has occasioned in my poor Master, ah, ah, ah! — Pardon me, Madam, — now are there Search-Warrants in every Corner of the Town after us: I am the only Butt his Resentment aims at — O, if ever he gets me in his Clutches again — Mercy on me —

Pheb. Talk no more on't, I beseech you, the very Thought on't makes me tremble; if we be discover'd, I am undone for ever.

Tip. Fear not, Madam, we are as safe here as in a Convent; let the Knot be first ty'd, and then you need not care a Button for 'em all — You know, Madam, this is to be your Wedding-Day, 'tis time to prepare your self.

Pheb. O *Tippet*, 'tis what I always wish'd for, but now 'tis so near, methinks I dread it.

AIR II. Once I was a Fool enough to love a Woman.

When Maids to Love are won,
Like mine their Wishes soar,
The Passion leads us on
To Joys unknown before :
With Extasy
We forward fly
To taste the mighty Blessing :
But when we come
To meet our Doom,
We tremble at possessing.

Tipp,

Tipp. Never fear, Madam, 'tis but venturing bravely once for all ; Marriage is but a Leap, which most Women take sooner or later ; and you know, Madam, as in War, so in Love, Fortune generally favours the Brave.

A I R III. There was a pretty Girl.

Sure Marriage is a fine thing,
It is so common grown ; fal, lal, lal, &c.
It is a Bait which all
Do swallow glibly down ; fal, lal, lal, &c.
To answer Expectation,
Such Joys it shou'd dispence ;
To recompence the Fools it makes,
By charming ev'ry Sense,
fal, lal, lal, &c.

Pheb. Come, *Tippet*, I shall want your Assistance.

[Exit.

Enter Grig.

Grig. Thus let me welcome thee, my Dear, to our Habitation. [kissing.

Tipp. Out—begone—

Grig. I'm sure you love kissing, my Dear, or you are no Waiting-Maid.

Tipp. I'm sure nothing in that Garb shall ever tempt me.—Who have we got here, in the Name of Wonder?—Our Gentleman's Gentleman metamorphos'd into a downright Beggar — ha, ha, ha !—

Grig. 'Tis a Title I glory in, my Dear, and wou'd rather be an humble Beggar, than the best Lord's Footman in the Kingdom.—Tho' we be poor, we are our own Masters ; and the Clothes we wear, tho' ragged, are still our own.

G

Tipp.

Tipp. Ha, ha, ha! — diverting enough — and so you want a Mistress to carry your Wallet for you, — ha, ha, ha!

AIR IV. When first I saw my Nancy's Face.

*'Tis time to wed when Beggars woo,
Can Love and Poverty agree?
When nought but Raggs appear in view,
What Fool would sell her Liberty?
Amongst your Tribe then never fear,
You will obtain a Spouse, my Dear;
Whence Back and Sides shall ever bear
The Curse of Want, and Load of Care.*

AIR V. Collier's Daughter.

Grig. *My Dear, why thus uneasy?*
Let's be blith and merry O;
I'll sing a Tune to please thee,
And make thy Heart full cheary O.
Fal, lal, lal, la, &c. [dances about her.]

Since you're for singing, my Dear, have at you —
Well, how do you like me now — ha!

Tipp. Not half so well as you like your self, I dare swear.

Grig. I should be sorry for that, my Dear, for I know you love me, and I love you, and so we'll love whilst loving is good.

Tipp. Impudence to excess! — I should be highly preferr'd indeed — Away — I'm call'd — remember as you deserve, I'll reward you. [Exit.]

Grig. Go thy ways for a true Daughter of Eve — Now for my Embassy — I'll first call upon my Brother Guests, and then deliver my Letter in my way home. [Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab.

Cant. Come, come along, here we'll expect the Summons.

Gage. Ay, as you say, here we must attend ; the Time is near at hand.

Mump. We shall have a Messenger shortly.

Scrip. To invite us to a rare living, my Lads.

Swab. I'll warrant ye your Bellies full, for the King is no Flincher.

Gage. Ay, ay, We shall All fair deliciously.

A I R VI. Abbot of Canterbury.

*When Beggars do marry for better for worse,
Tho' it happens we have not one Souise in our Purse ;
Like true Man and Wife in Wedlock we swing,
Tho' we beg all the Day, still at Night we can sing*

Derry down, down, bey derry down.

To them Grig.

Grig. Well met, my Friends, I see ye're punctual to a Minute.

Cant. Always, Brother *Grig*, when there's Peck and Bouze in the Cafe.

Gage. Are all Things in a Readiness ? shall we live to Day, you young Dog you, ha ! —

Mump. And shall we get drunk into the Bargain, Sirrah, eh ? —

Grig. Without Doubt — what, a Wedding and not drunk — out you puny Raskals: Come, come tuck up your Rags, and away; I'll but step for a Parson to stitch my Master and his young Doxy together, and will be with you in an Instant.

Omnes. Away, away to the Wedding Boys all.

Grig. Hold, — I hear a Noise of Passengers —
to your Postures.

97 : *heteropoda* *swinhonis* *var* *longipes*

Enter Quorum and Constables.

Cant. Bless your noble Honour.

Grig. One poor Penny amongst us all.

Gage. Deaf and Dumb—

Mum. Lame and Blind —

Scrip. Aw, aw, aw —

Swab. Heaven reward your Worship, consider the Poor:

Grig. Poor Objects of Pity and Compassion; who will pray for your Honour Night and Day.

Quor. Take this amongst you, Villains.

Strikes 'em.

Grig. May Health and Happiness attend you.

Quor. Ha ! — methinks I know that Voice and Face. [aside] Honest Friend, a word with you.

Grig. Sure I'm not discover'd — [*afide*] if he shou'd know me, I'm undone for ever. Bless your good Worship. —

Quor. 'Tis the very same — here, seize this Fellow instantly — I know you, Rogue, through all your Disguise.

Constab. Come, Sirrah, have we found you at last?

Grig. Dear Sir, your Worship must be mistaken: I'm but a poor Beggar, as you see, that lives by Charity.

Quor. No, you Rogue, you are the very Villain
that entertain'd me with a pack of Lies, 'till your
Accomplice

Accomplice stole away my Daughter; away with him this Instant.

Grig. O worthy Sir, but one Word before I go — hear me one Word in private.

Constab. By no means, you Dog, have you a Design upon his Worship's Life, you Scoundrel?

Quor. Hold, let us hear what he can say for himself however — but first search him for fear of Danger.

Grig. Then all's discovered — no hopes left — poor me must suffer — Well, *Grigg*, thou art an unfortunate Dog, that's certain — dear *Tib*, my Spouse that shou'd ha' been, adieu —

Cant. Alas! poor Brother!

Gage. What shall we do?

Mump. I fear all our Feasting is turn'd into nothing.

Scrip. Let us away, lest we share his Fate.

Swab. Bloody Rogues! let us sneak off one by one, and acquaint the King of this Disaster — softly for fear of Suspicion, [Exeunt.

Quor. Ha! a Letter, say you? let me see it — perhaps it may make a Discovery. [Reads.

“ Sir, Please to let the Bearer wait upon you to my
“ Lodgings, where a young Lady and I wait your Pre-
“ fence, in order to be for ever united: be as expe-
“ ditious as possible, lest Delays shou'd prove dange-
“ rous to yours,

Henry Hunter.

I'll hunt you with a Vengeance — Come, Sirrah, this Moment conduct me thither, or I'll send you where you shall never more behold the Light, but at your Execution.

Grig. Dear honourable Sir —

Quor. Not another Syllable, or you are immediately gone — be quick, lead on, or die.

Grig. Then shall I be hang'd for a Traytor: So that either way nothing but Death is before me — but of two

two Evils, the least is to be chosen—come, Sir, I submit—ah, poor *Grig*.

AIR VII. As I gang'd down to yonder Town.

*Alas poor Grigg ! I must away,
Where pity ne'er can find me ;
Hard Fate upon my Wedding-Day,
To leave my Bride bebind me :
What tho' to Day my Back does bleed,
With Anguish, Pain, and Sorrow ;
I'll bear it all, so 'tis decreed
That Tib be mine to Morrow.*

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Hunter, Phebe, Tippet.

Hunt. Now, my Dear, the Time is come which makes me the happy Possessor of the most lovely of her Sex, I hope a few Moments more will make us one for ever.

Pheb. And if Love and Obedience can recompence your Goodness, and reward your wond'rous Care, you shall be doubly happy—but methinks I hear a strange kind of Noise in the House.

Hunt. O my dear, 'tis an odd kind of an Entertainment, which the kind Gentleman of the House has prepar'd to celebrate our Nuptials with ; who, by me, entreats your Presence to a Beggar's Wedding, which he is curious to have perform'd in his own House, in order to divert you.

Pheb. His good Nature gives him too much trouble ; I'd rather not go.

Tip. O Madam, that would be unkind indeed.

Hunt.

Hunt. Let me prevail upon you, Madam; the Company are all this Minute seated in the next Room, and only wait your coming.

Pheb. If you request it, sure I must comply; for what is there in Phebe's Power she can deny her Hunter.

AIR VIII. In ancient Days in Britain's Isle.

Hunt. *Soft Turtles thus on every Spray,*
Their tend'rest Love impart;

Pheb. *Sit fondly cooing all the Day,*
To charm each other's Heart:

Hunt. *My ravish'd Fancy still could dwell*
On thy superiour Charms;

Pheb. *Without thee every Place is Hell,*
But Heav'n within thy Arms.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Chaunter, Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab, *Mrs. Chaunter*, Strummer, Mopsey, Blouze, Drab, Manchet, Tib Tatter,

Chau. This is a Misfortune indeed, my Friends, to have our Bridegroom snatch'd away on his Wedding-Day; but we must take care to get him off as soon as possible—in the mean time, since we are all met, I'm resolv'd to have a Wedding some way or other.

Omnes. A Wedding, a Wedding, a Wedding.

AIR XI. Let's be merry, fill your Glasses.

Chau. *Why shou'd Sorrow discompose us,*
When we meet thus o'er our Bowls?
What, tho' Fortune does oppose us,
Spite of Fate we're jolly Souls.

Fa, la, la, la, &c.
Hunter,

Hunter, Phebe, Tippet.

Most kindly welcome, fair Lady——be seated pray——now all salute the happy Pair.

Omnis. Long live our Prince, and Princess.

Hunt. We thank you heartily——Well, Sir, is every thing ready?

Chaun. Anon, good Sir.

Quorum and Constables with Grigg.

Quor. Bless my Eyes! what do I see? my Daughter amongst a Crew of Beggars——this instant seize 'em all.

Chaun. Hold, Gentlemen, not a Man stir on pain of Death.

Quor. Fly, fly, ye Villains—seize 'em—knock 'em down—fly——

Chaun. Nay, then have at ye.

[*The Beggars beat off the Constables.*

Constables. A Rescue, a Rescue, a Rescue,——

[*Exeunt.*

Grig. Now, Mr. Alderman, in my turn, I arrest you in the noble King *Chaunter's* Name.

Chaun. Well done, *Grigg*; and we'll teach him to break the Peace again in our Presence; for I know, Mr. *Quorum*, your Commission of the Peace will not avail you here a Rag. You are now in the King of the Beggars Jurisdiction, and be assur'd we'll assert our Power.

Quor. This is Insolence insupportable—I'll trounce ye all—and as for you, you Robber of my House and Daughter, you shall be doubly punish'd.

Hunt. Sir, I never meant to wrong you: what I have done was occasion'd by your unjust dealing with me.

Quor. Racks and Tortures! upbraided to my Face——

Chaun.

Chaun. Looke, Sir, Passion signifies nothing here, what's past we graciously oversee; and to convince you of our Respect towards you, you are now at your Liberty to depart when you please; but if you stay, you shall be welcome to the Beggar's Wedding, which we are just about to celebrate for the Diversion of my Son and your Daughter.

Quor. Your Son! — Death and Hell — is *Hunter* your Son?

Chaun. Ay, Sir, and what then? — without Dispragement he is not inferiour to you or your Daughter either: For tho' I'm but a Beggar, I here engage to lay down Penny for Penny, if not double the Fortune you can give her.

Quor. Pray, Sir, restore me my Girl, and every thing else is forgiven.

Chaun. Nay, Sir, to let you see I don't think her so great a Bargain, I don't care if you do take her.

Pheb. Wonders incredible! — O how I dread my angry Father: If you forsake me now I shall surely die: Tho' you have deceived me in Appearance, I can't think of parting with you.

Hunt. Alas, my Dear! and still I fear we must — by Heaven I will not bear it.

Pheb. Ah me! I would rather suffer a Thousand Deaths than go Home again, or be expos'd to the Severity of my Father.

AIR XI. Conforça Escossa.

O can I leave thee,
Thou dearest Treasure?
Cease to bereave me
Of ev'ry Pleasure.
Think on our lost Joy,
Just at possessing,
Twill Life destroy
Of ev'ry Blessing.

[bis]

H

AIR

AIR XII. Did ever Swain a Nymph adore?

Hunt. Sooner shall Fish in Waters burn,
 The Scorching Sun congeal'd appear ;
 Sooner shall Ages past return,
 And Seasons quite invert the Year :
 Sooner shall all Things cease to be,
 Than I will part from lovely thee.

Mrs. Chaun. Sure I'm deceived, or that shou'd be
 my Brother.

Quo. Hey day ! are you distract'd too ?
 Mrs. Chaun. Hold, Sir ; had you not once a Sister,
 and an only Son ?

Quor. I had — methinks I begin to know that
 Face.

Mrs. Chaun. Look well upon me — were they not
 both missing at the same time ?

Quorum. Too true, and never heard of since.
 Mrs. Chaun. Then I'm that Sister, and here's your
 only Son — your true Name is Hunter.

Quor. O all ye Powers ! What Wonders do you tell
 me ! —

Chaun. The Story, Mr. Alderman, is too long to ac-
 quaint you with now ; let it suffice that they were both
 carry'd away by me amongst a Gang of Gypsies, when
 you was in Confinement — — your Sister I have since
 marry'd, and brought up your Son like a Gentleman,
 but never knew him to be yours till this Moment,
 and shou'd be glad to hear the Particulars which oc-
 casion'd this Revolution in your Fortune.

Quor. In a Word then, I made my Escape with some
 others out of Prison, and taking with me all I had in
 the World, I embark'd on board a Merchant-Man,
 made a few Trading Voyages, and not many Years
 after return'd to *Dublin*, with something considerable,
 settled in this End of the Town, chang'd my Name,
 and am at last arriv'd to what you now see me,

an

an Alderman of this City —— And now ye're welcome, welcome all : This Day has made my Happiness compleat.

Pheb. Alas poor *Phebe* ! now are thy Hopes blasted indeed : This is an unexpected Turn of Fortune ; you cannot wed a Brother.

AIR XIII. As I beneath a Myrtle Shade lay musing.

*Sure at my Birth malignant Stars presided,
And shed their baleful Influ'nce around ;
Since from my Love by Nature thus divided,
O Pow'r's above ! lessen my Torment,
Pity a tender languishing Maid,
To Ruin thus by Love betray'd.*

Quor. No, my dearest *Phebe*, you shall be no less happy than the rest ; I will unravel a Secret, which, perhaps, you had never known, were it not upon this Occasion : for know, you are no Child of mine, but an Orphan left in my Care, when so young, that you never knew a Parent but me. The Estate which was left you I have rather increas'd than diminish'd, which now I will restore you, and if you please, may share it with my Son, who henceforward is Heir to all I have.

Hunt. O happy, happy Change ! now, my Dear, we shall be blest indeed —— nothing now remains to obstruct our mutual Happiness for ever.

AIR XIV. A Damsel I'm told.

*Of Phebe possess'd,
I'm doubly bleſſ'd,
No Power on Earth ſhall us ſever,
Secure of thy Charms,
I'll live in thoſe Arms ;
And thus we'll be happy for ever, my Dear.
And, &c.*

Chaun. And as an Addition to your Felicity, at my Decease, I'll bequeath you a vast Fortune I have amass'd by Begging. And now to crown our universal Joy: Let us first see this Ceremony perform'd, and then prepare to join this lovely Pair.

Omnes. Huzza — now for a Soug.

A I R XV. We've sail'd the Seas for many a League.

I.

Grig. *Thus crown'd with Ease and every Joy,*
By Beggary we thrive;
No doubtful Cares our Peace destroy,
In Pleasure still we live.

II.

Cant. *On Charity our Hopes depend,*
We seldom beg in vain:
For Poverty's our only Friend,
Which brings us in our Gain.

III.

Gage. *And if our Cant should not prevail*
To get us daily Food,
By Stratagems we never fail
To make our Party good.

IV.

Chaun. *Then fill about, my jolly Boys,*
Let's Drink, Dance, Laugh, and Sing:
For who can boast of nobler Joys,
Than Beggars and their King!

Grig.

Grig. And cou'd my Tib think of another Spouse
whilst I was in Distress — inconstant Girl!

Tib. Tat. Rather unhappy Grigg — you know
I'm not of an Humour to die for Love, if one won't
another may.

AIR XVI. Molly St. George.

Grig. *In thy Arms, my dear Tib, will I end all Debate,*
Thus happy despise all the Frowns of the Great;
What State can like Beggar's in Wedlock agree,
When cloy'd with Possession that Moment we're free.

Chaun. Come, Princes of the Crutch, and Ladies of
the Ragg, all, all to the Wedding — You that are
to be marry'd, stand forth, and let the Ceremony
begin — Who's Priest?

Cant. That am I, most noble King.

Chaun. And a sanctify'd one too — exert your Parts;
and shew your self worthy your Vocation.

Cant. I'm ready, Sir: All attend the Solemnity —
That you both stand here to be tack'd together, is not
the Question, but whether ye be qualify'd is the
Query — First then, as ye are true Beggars, with-
out Cant or Quibble, answer me to the Questions fol-
lowing — How long, Mr. Bridegroom, have you been
Master of a Crutch?

Grig. Ever since I was able to handle one.

Cant. And you, Mrs. Bride, how long have you been
one of the Sisterhood?

Tib. Tat. So long that I can't remember I ever was
any other.

Cant. Very well — through what Degrees have you
past?

Grig. Thro' every Station of Beggary — I have
been Pimp, Juggler, Rogue and Mauder.

Tib. Tat. And I, Whore, Thief, Bawd and Gypsey.

Cant.

Cant. Right——ye fit like two Tallies——no two
are better match'd, nor more proper to go together
——now attend——

Chaun. Silence——the Ceremony begins.

Cant. *Without Book or Ring,*
Or Priestcraft or Law,
I wed you to lie
Both together in Straw :
And when by Consent
Of Wedlock ye're tir'd,
Then part Whore and Rogue,
Which is all that's requir'd.

Chaun. Let the Bride Advance, and in token of Obedience to her Lord and Husband, perform the Ceremony of the Crutch, and the Bridegroom as a Mark of Superiority take the usual Marriage-leap.

[A Crutch is held by two, which she passes under, and he leaps over each thrice.]

Let both Kneel, and receive the Beggar's Blessing.
They kneel.

May Knits, Lice, and Fleas
Divert you at leisure,
Whilst padding and mumping
Be each other's Pleasure.

Now each salute 'em according to Custom.

The Men all kiss her, and the Women him.

AIR XVII. Come all ye pretty Maidens.

Grig. — Like jolly Beggars thus we'll prove,
Since now the Wedding's o'er;
We'll love and live, and live and love,
Till we can love no more, fal, lal, lal, la, &c

Tib

Tib. Tat. With all my Heart, my Dear, I warrant
I'll not be benind-hand with you in Matters of Love.

A I R XVIII. Ellen a Roon.

*How bafeful Maids appear,
Till once they're try'd,
But they soon banish Fear.
Commencing Bride :
Were Wives assured to be
Possess'd of Liberty,
Sure Marriage then would be
Wholly our Pride.*

Chaun. 'Tis now time to partake of our Banquet,
Grigg, see that every Thing be ready.

A I R XIX. Bonny Lad, come lay thy Pipe down.

Hunt. Now, my dear Charmer, our Troubles are o'er,
At last Love triumphant ill Fortune contouls ;
Thus happy ten thousand new Joys we'll explore,
And with mutual Constancy solace our Souls.
No more shall false Pleasure enervate my Mind,
I bere bid adieu to all Bus'ness and Strife ;
By Woman alone all our Bliss is refin'd,
For Phebe's the Joy of my Life.

A I R XX. An Irisb Tune.

Phebe. *Thus with thee delighted,
All my Love's requited,
For thine my Heart shall never part,
Till both in one united :
Now our Hopes posseſſing,
We'll enjoy the Blessing,
All our Days crown'd with ease,
Whilſt in Love caressing.*

Quor.

Quor. Now Brother Chaunter, if you'll be content to share my House with me for the future, and quit this way of Life, I shall think my self happy in your Friendship.

Chaun. What, cease to be a Beggar, and a Monarch too! — no, Sir, — I would not change my Condition with the greatest Prince in Europe; for there is not one of 'em all, but envies the Freedom of us Beggars: whether it be Peace or War, we still are unconcerned; we are neither preft for Soldiers, nor put upon hard Duties: The State never concerns itself with us; and if we do any thing unlawful, who'll sue a Beggar? Mankind pay a kind of Reverence to us, and make a Conscience of it not to abuse us. As for our Dirt and Uncleanness, they are without us, and signify nothing at all to true Happiness; and for our Raggs, 'tis to them we chiefly owe our Felicity.

AIR XXI. Did you not hear of Boccough.

*Whilst Riches and Honours are courted by the Great,
The Beggar contented enjoys his humble State;
Our Poverty's a Blessing alone which makes us free,
Then who d not be, of Beggars; a Monarch thus like me?*

4 AP 54

F I N I S.



Act. 1.

Air. 1.



2

Act.1.



Act. 1.

3



4

Act. 1.



Act. 1.

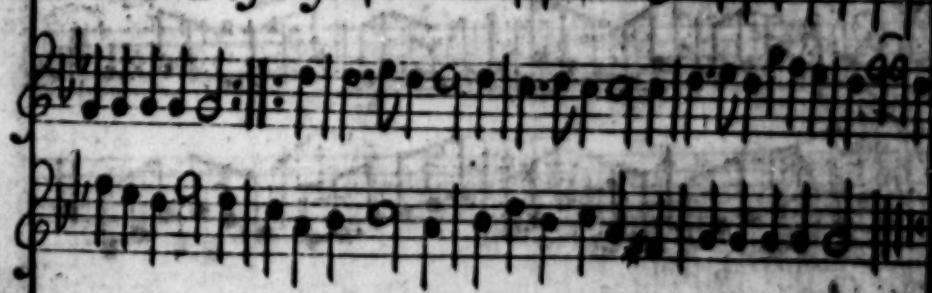
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18



Act. II.

Air. 1.



6

Act. II.

2



Act. II.



8

Act. II.



Act. III.

9



10

Act. III.

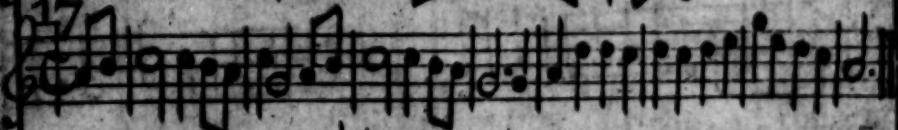
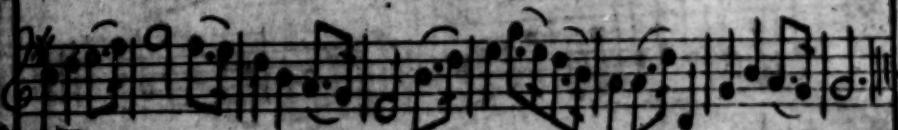


Act. III.



12 Act. III.

16



4 AP 54

8

Cross Sculp:

